McLean Jackson's Production

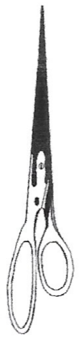
of

"IMMORTAL LOTTERY"

Screenplay

by

McLean Jackson & Jarrek Montenegro



20/10/25

~§~

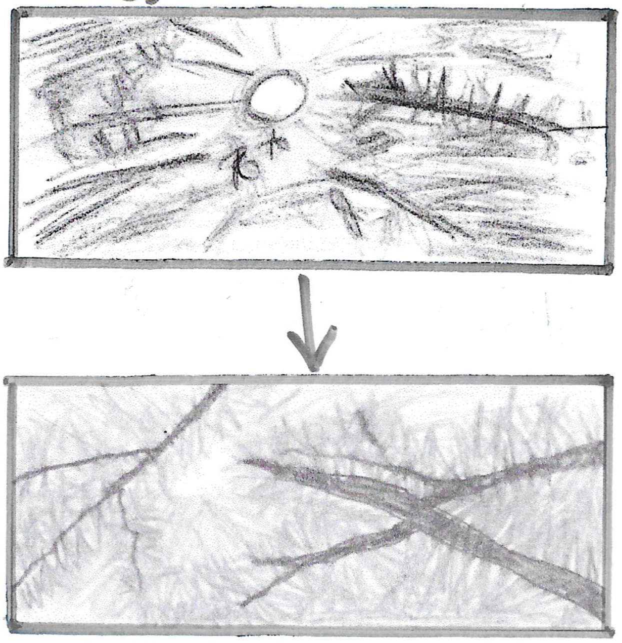
SHOOTING SCRIPT

2ND MARK-UP
5/12/25

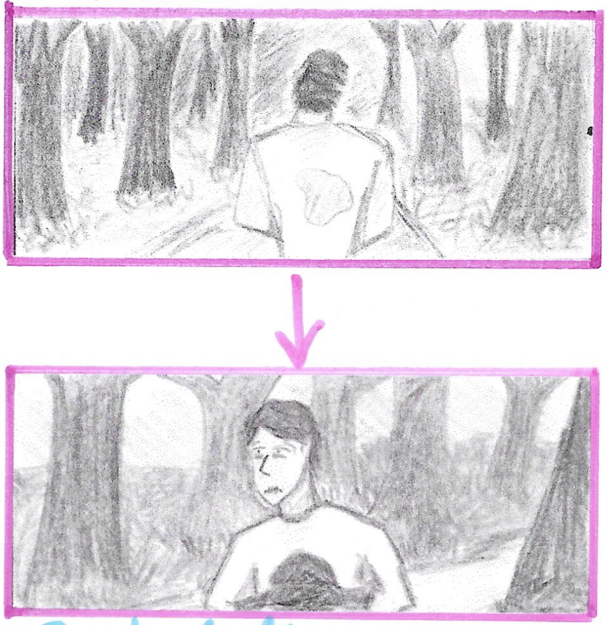
WITH REVISION #12 (2nd Pink)

Dir./Prod. McLean Jackson
Apt. 1/17A Milton Street
Elwood, VIC 3184
(61) 430-199-644

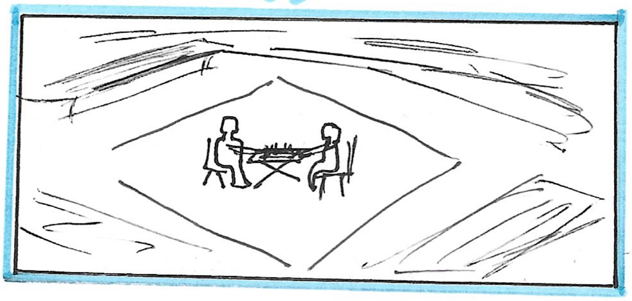
1I: INSERT



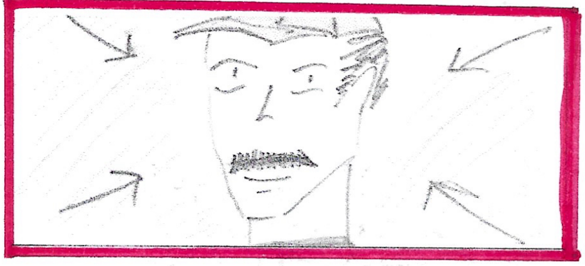
1A: 3/4 TRACKING



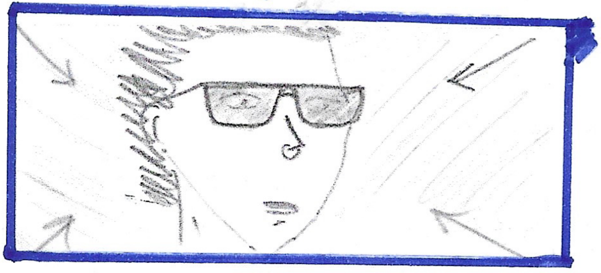
2W: XWS



2A - MCU



2B - MCU



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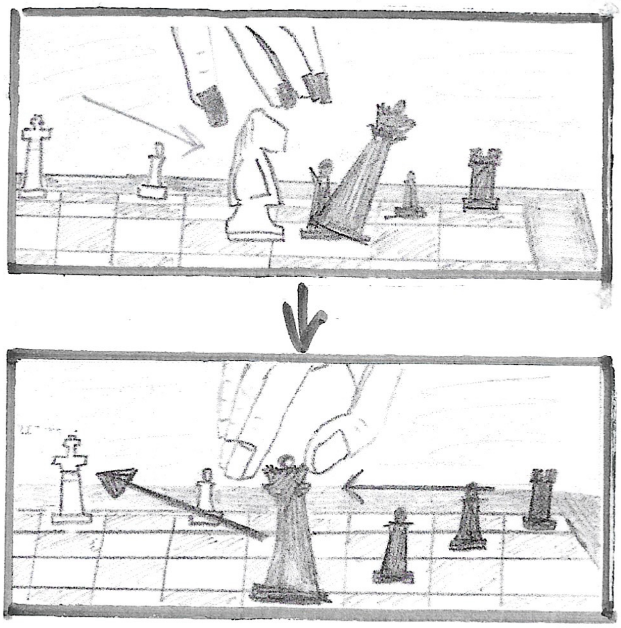


1A - 3/4 TRACKING

1 EXT. PUBLIC GARDEN - AFTERNOON 1

WE OPEN ON the back of a thin nineteen-year-old MAN as he staggers awkwardly down a tree-lined path. His BREATHING is heavy and desperate.

THE CAMERA ORBITS HIM and we discover his ashen face and bloodied torso which is covered with a dozen medium-sized stab wounds. His bloodied hands are pressed to his abdomen. He struggles to maintain his balance as he walks, his eyes trained on a single point high above the horizon.

1I

HIS P.O.V.

Overhead: the afternoon sun flickers through a dense canopy of tree branches.

2W - XWS

2 EXT. GROVE - AFTERNOON 2

ESTABLISHING

Over a chessboard, TWO LESBIANS sit engaged in play.

(Note: these characters will be referred to by the side of the board of which they occupy, i.e., BLACK and WHITE.)

Black: roguish and masculine, early 30s; clipped hair; sleeve tattoos; dressed in faux military fatigues.

White: slightly more delicate, mid 20s; she wears an imitation mohair cardigan, tinted glasses and a septum piercing.

2I

INSERT - CHESSBOARD

White advances her knight into the middle of the board. Black plays aggressively; she brings out her queen. White blocks with a pawn. Black captures it. White moves her king backwards. Black continues to advance. White hesitates. *
*

2A - MCU

2M

2-SHOT

2B - MCU

Black looks at White, then at the board. She ruminates.

BLACK
You shouldn't be nervous. *

WHITE
Why do you say that?

BLACK
Because it doesn't matter what you do. You think you have a chance to shape the outcome. But the truth is you've already lost, you just haven't arrived at it yet. And rather than fight anxiously, you should accept your fate. *
*

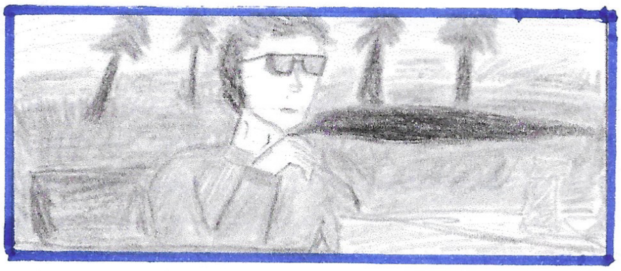
(Continued)

(CONT'D)

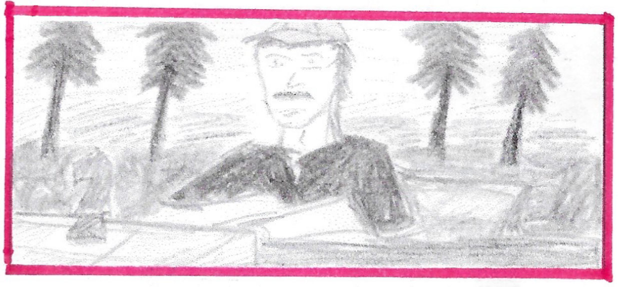
(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

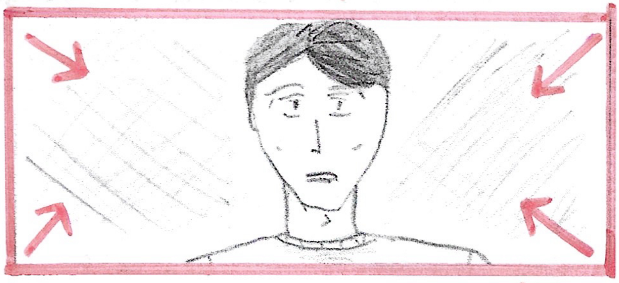
2B



2A

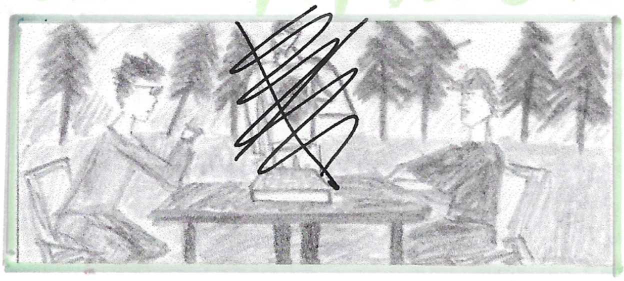


2C - CU



(SLOW ZOOM-IN.)

2M - ~~50/50~~ 2-SHOT



2A-MCU 2M 2-SHOT 2B-MCU

2 (Cont'd) 2

WHITE
I know what you're doing. You're trying to play *
a psychological game.

BLACK
I don't need to. The outcome is pre-determined. *
Doesn't matter what either of us do.

WHITE
That's ridiculous. What if you have a stroke? *

BLACK *
Que sera, sera. And I'd still win. *

WHITE *
Where's the fun in that? Why even play when you *
can rely on fate? *

BLACK
(Philosophically.) *
Why do we slow down to examine some fatal wreck *
if not to spy a mangled body or two? It's *
always been the case. In the Roman Colosseum, *
spectators would cheer as the slaves in arena
were butchered. Why? Because there's something *
about watching the destruction of a person: the *
spilling of viscera; hearing the terrified *
screams. You might say there's almost
something... erotic about it.

WHITE
Is that how this makes you feel?

2I

BLACK
(Frowns.)
What did you say?

A SHADOW suddenly falls over the chessboard. THE CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal the bleeding man. He looms tall and haggard over the chessboard. Black turns to him nonchalantly. !

BLACK (CONT'D)
Hey, would you mind moving over? Thanks. *
(To White.)
What was I saying?

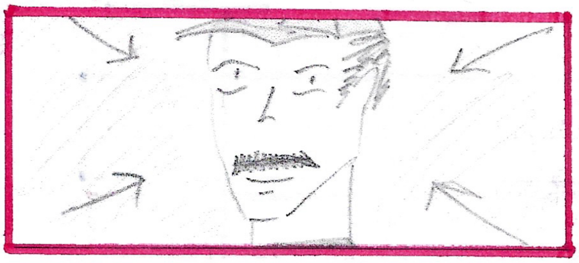
WHITE
Something about the Colosseum...

BLACK
That's right! Now for the slaves in the arena --
before they were slaughtered -- they believed *
that if they fought hard enough they would
survive. And they would fight right until the *
end, even as their bodies were being ripped to *
shreds. But their demise was inevitable. *

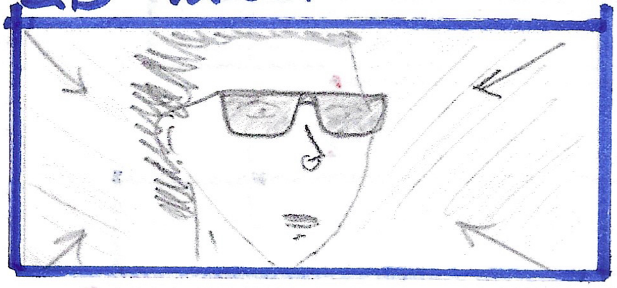
(Continued)

(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

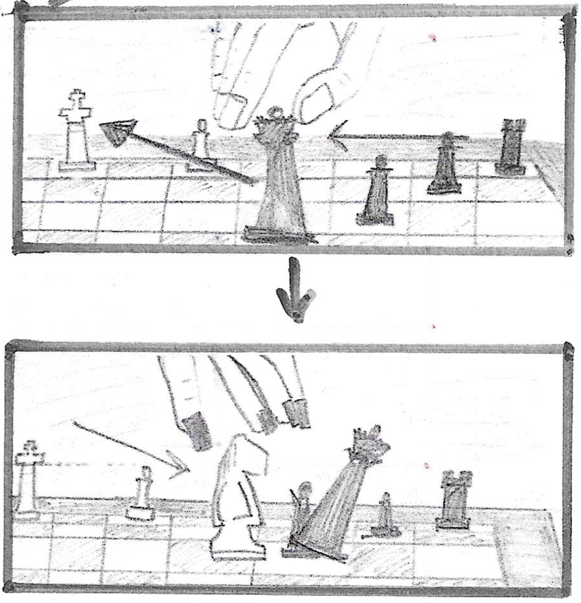
2A - MCU



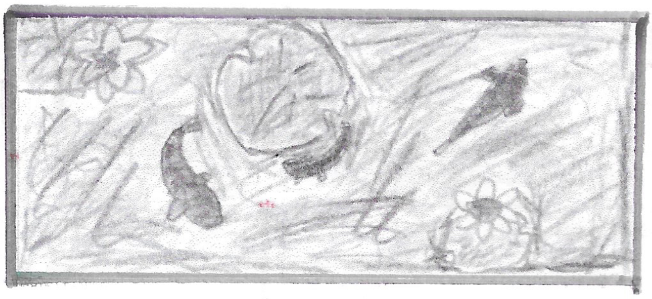
2B - MCU



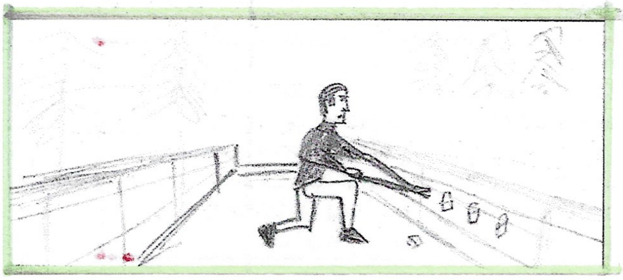
2I - INSERT



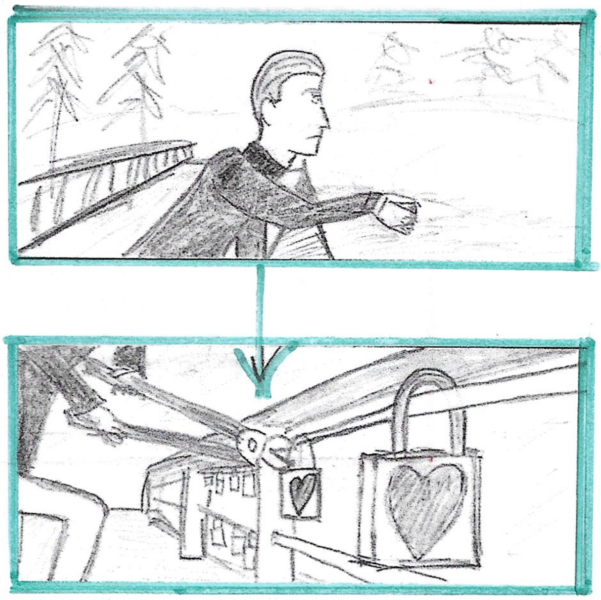
3I - INSERT: KOI POND



3B - FULL SHOT



3A - MCU > CU



CRANE DOWN, CLOSE-UP ON LOCKS.

2A-MCU 2C-CU 2B-MCU

2 (Cont'd) (2) 2

The man looks in beleaguered silence at the two women. After a moment, he turns and limps away. *

BLACK (CONT'D)
Likewise, we believe in the concept of individual agency, that the arc of our lives is within our control, that our future is our's to write. But really the sequence has already been written for us. We can't avoid it, no matter what we do. * * * *
(Beat.)
Did you say something?

WHITE
No... It's your move.

BLACK
(A philosophical beat.)
Que sera, sera. Why do we fight it? Such a futile exercise. *

2I

Black boldly checks White's king with her queen.

BLACK (CONT'D)
What is the point of fighting a pre-determined outcome? *

2I

WHITE
Really?

White suddenly captures Black's queen with her knight. Black looks confused for a moment before realising her mistake.

WHITE (CONT'D)
I suppose that was pre-determined too.

2I

INSERT - CHESSBOARD

Black tips over her king in defeat. The piece lies stationary on its side.

DISSOLVE:

3A-MCU>CU

3I

3 EXT. JAPANESE GARDEN - AFTERNOON 3

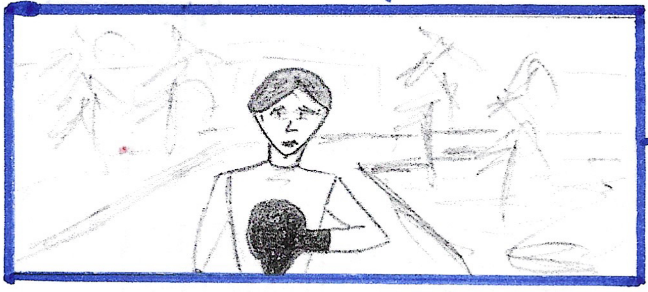
A young POET in a cashmere turtleneck (struggling against the tremendous weight of reality) stands hunched over the guardrail of a narrow bridge overlooking a koi pond.

3B-FULL SHOT

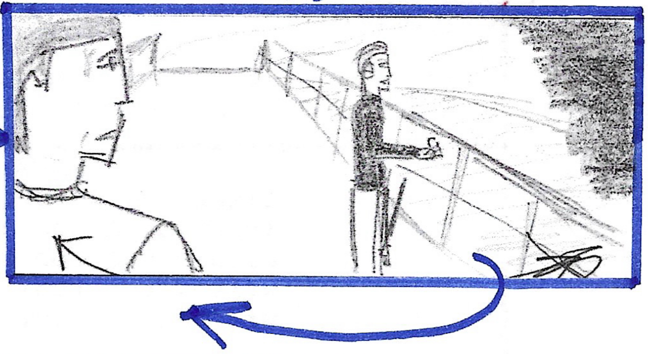
He inhales, takes a step back, then, with a heavy set of bolt cutters, starts to cut one of several colourful padlocks (inscribed lovingly with names of strangers) attached to the top rail, then discards them into the water, one-by-one.

(Continued)

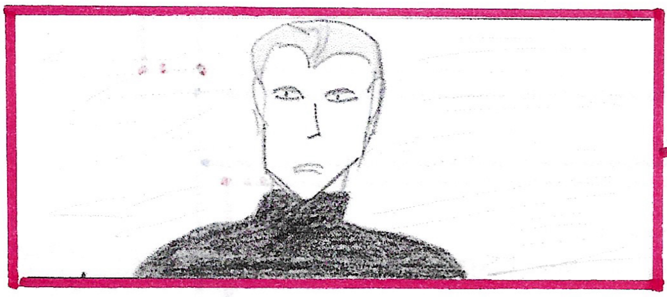
3C - MS > O/S

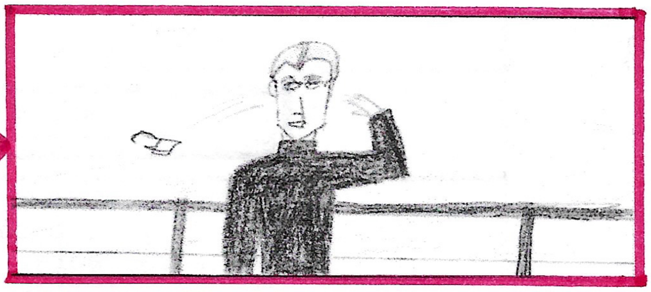


TRACK >
ROTATE 180°

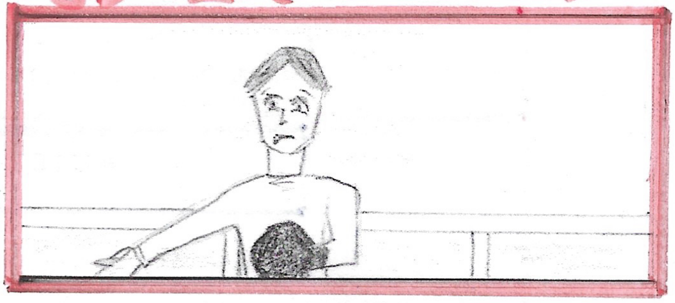


3D - MCU

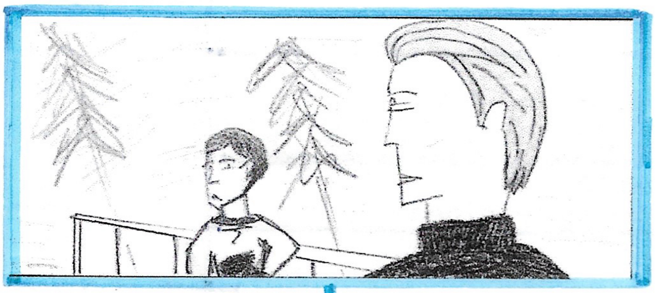


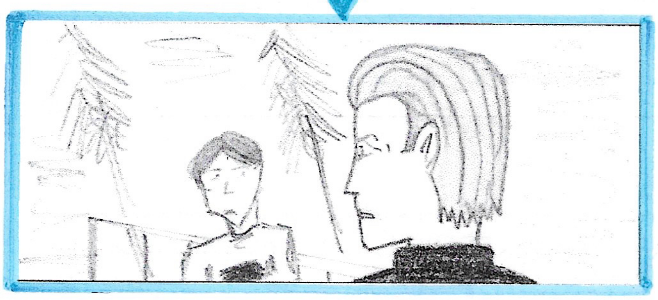


3D-2 (REACTION)

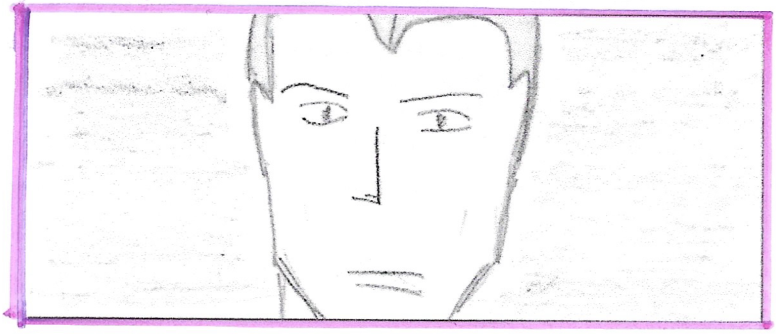


3E - 2-SHOT





3F - CLOSE-UP.



3 3C (Cont'd) 3

REVERSE ANGLE MS>O/S

The bleeding man staggers onto the bridge, steadying himself on the guardrail as he moves towards the poet.

3D-MCU

3D-2 REACTION

The poet turns towards the man, slowly, cautiously. They lock eyes. A beat.

POET
Let me ask you something: Have you ever loved a woman?
(Waits. No answer.)
Don't, it'll kill you.

The poet tosses another padlock over the bridge. Crippled by pain, the man collapses against the railing. The poet continues:

POET (CONT'D)
Everybody says we're meant to love. But they don't tell you how it leaves you feeling sick in your sleep, unable to escape. *
(Beat.)
She still visits in my dreams. Even now, she appears stubbornly with unmistakable clarity. * Twenty-three. Japanese. Five-foot-one. Lithe. * Porcelain white skin. Ruby lips. With the soft, innocent voice of a disabled child. I would * suddenly go still every time I saw her, like it * was the first time all over again. She'd walk * over, like a hot wave of disinfectant, and all * one's anxieties would dissolve away... only to * lie in waiting like a dormant disease.

3E-2-SHOT

The poet walks over to the man. He leans back next to him on the guardrail.

3F-CU

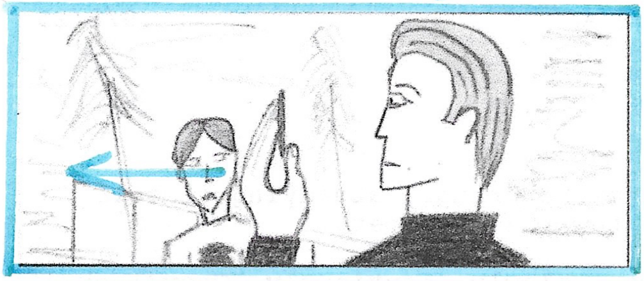
POET (CONT'D)
To be betrayed by the only thing you ever truly loved. Now what's left?
~~(Looks at the man.)~~
There are some things in this world that even words cannot express. Emotions charged with such pain and ugliness that one is terrified of feeling them. And so he goes through life, not allowing himself to feel... until he cannot feel anything.
(Pause, then a note of anger.)
What does a man have left when his soul has been plundered by some sordid bimbo? How could * you know what it's like to surrender your soul? Some people don't even have a soul. They'll never know real pain.

The poet takes out a polaroid photograph and stares at longingly. He speaks to it:

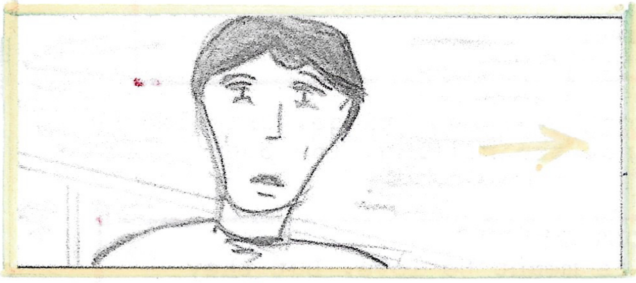
(Continued)

(CONT'D)

3E (CONTINUED.)

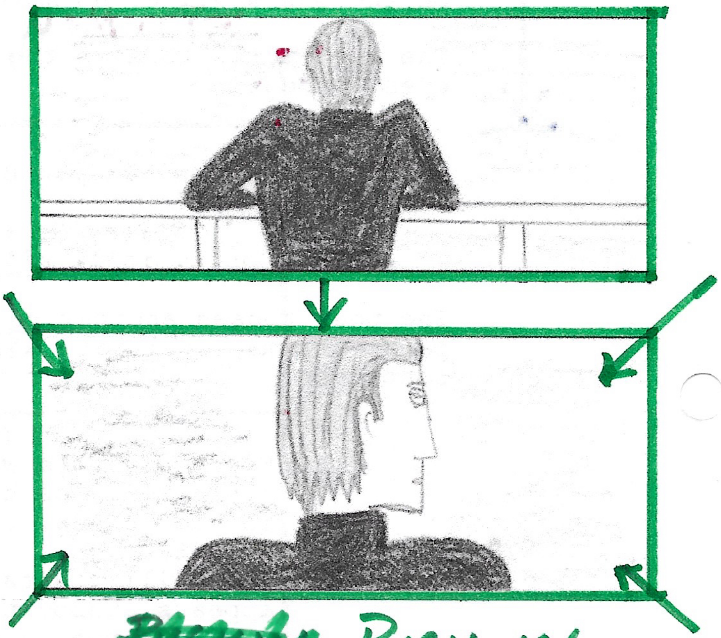


3G - MCU



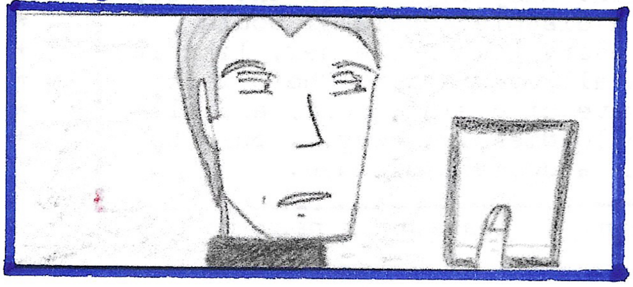
MAN EXITS

3H - MCU

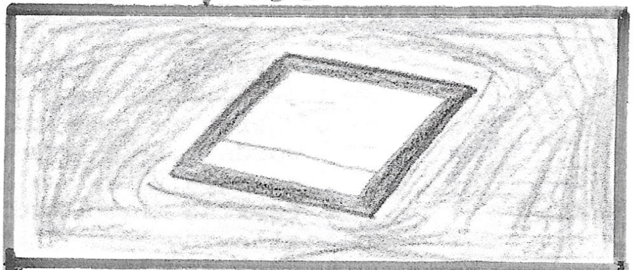


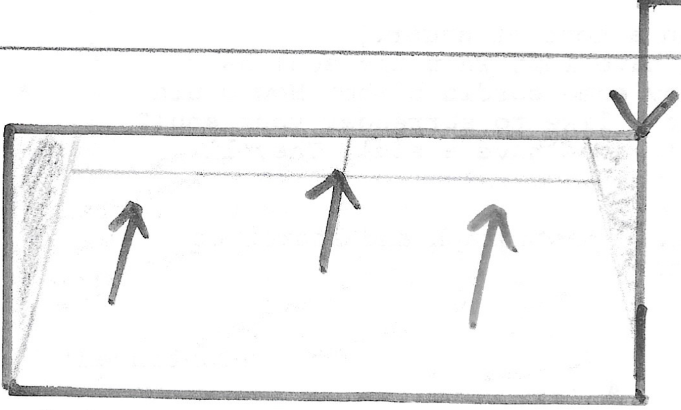
~~[illegible]~~ PUSH-IN ON LINE

3J - CLOSE-UP



3I - INSERT





4I - POV

3E - 2-SHOT (CONT.)

3 (Cont'd) (2) 3

POET (CONT'D)
What did I ever do to you? Didn't I listen?
Didn't I give you everything you ever wanted?
Maybe I never was that man in your dreams, but *
just a ~~supporting~~ MINOR character. But you were *
everything to me... you syphilitic hag.
(A reflective beat.)
We'd come here all the time. I used to have
warm memories of this place: picnics in spring;
we made love under the cherry trees. But all *
that seems like an ancient dream. And now all
one can see is queers and poodles everywhere.

3H - MCU

3G - MCU

A beat. *

The poet returns to the opposite side of bridge. He leans over the guardrail and stares contemplatively. The man watches in strained silence, incredulous. After a long pause, the poet glances over his shoulder.

POET (CONT'D)
Are you still here? PHILISTINE?

There's another tense pause. The man lifts himself from the railing. (He struggles, the pain is agonising.) The man limps off in a trail of blood.

3J

CLOSEUP - THE POET

He takes the polaroid and looks at it wistfully.

POET (CONT'D)
(*Sotto voce.*)
I love you.
(Pause.)
And I hope you die in a mass murder-suicide...
Then maybe I could forget you.

He drops the picture over the edge.

INSERT - KOI POND

3I

The polaroid hits the surface of the water facedown and gently drifts away.

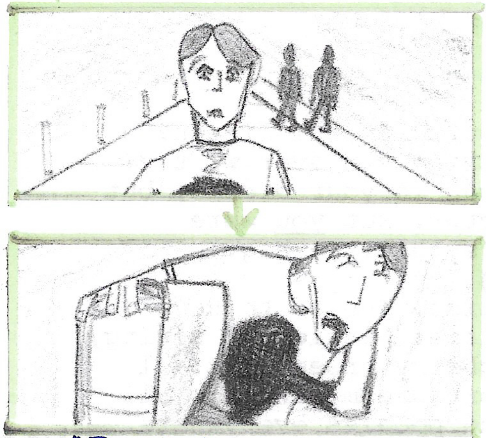
DISSOLVE:

P.O.V.

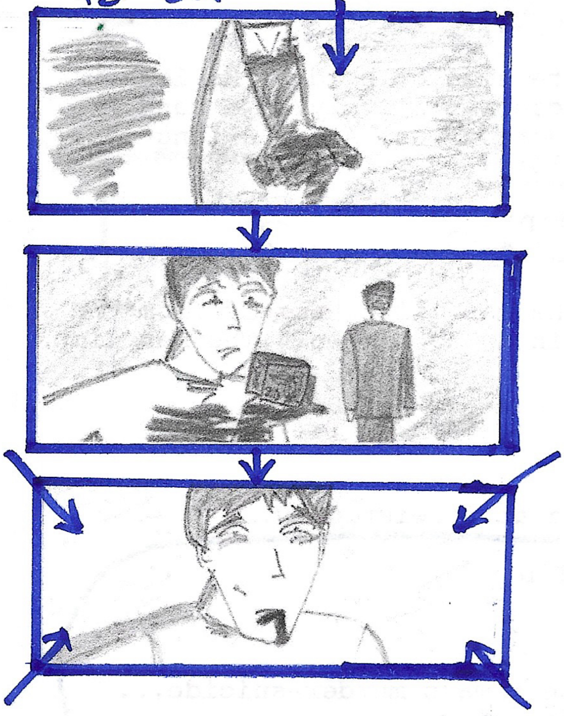
4I

A stream of platinum white concrete underfoot. The heavy beat of footsteps is punctuated by laboured breathes. THE CAMERA TILTS UP slightly to reveal a modestly busy side street populated with several PEDESTRIANS.

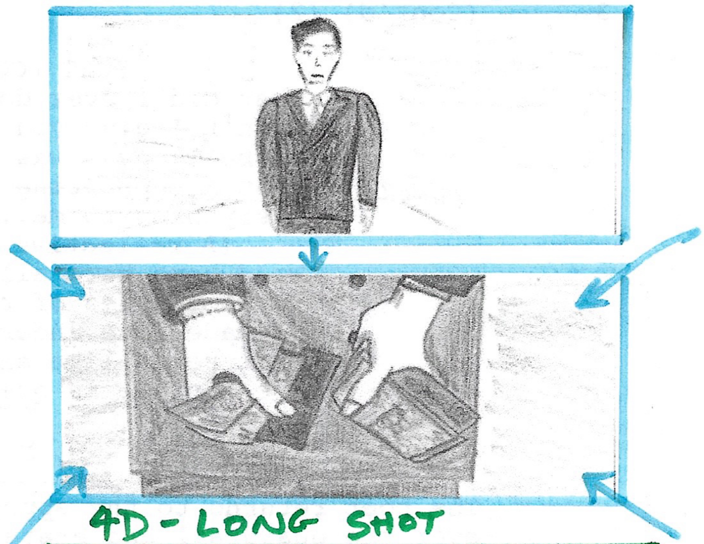
4A - MS/TRACK



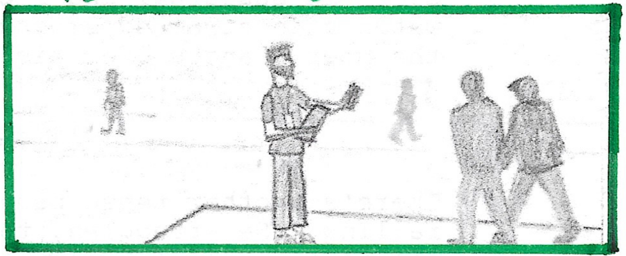
4B - CU



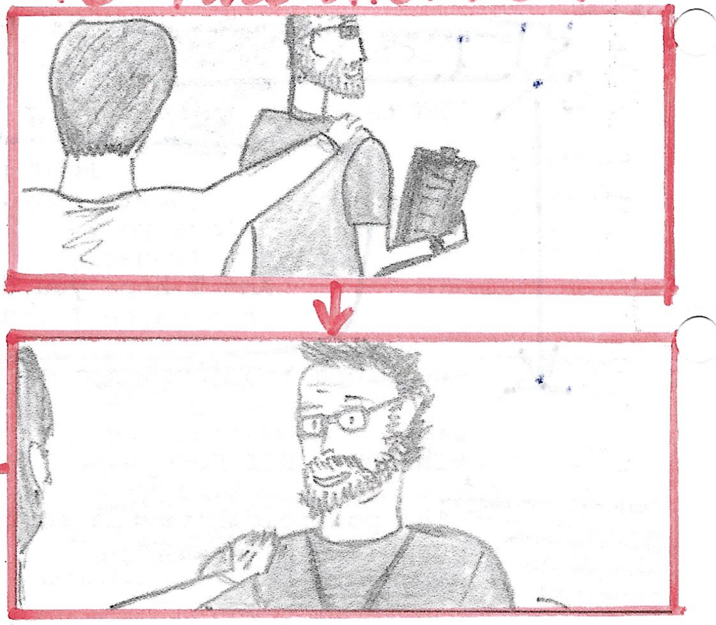
4C - MAN'S POV

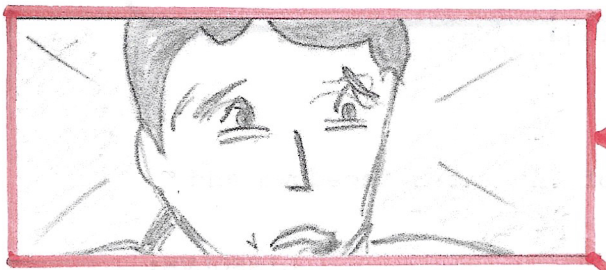


4D - LONG SHOT

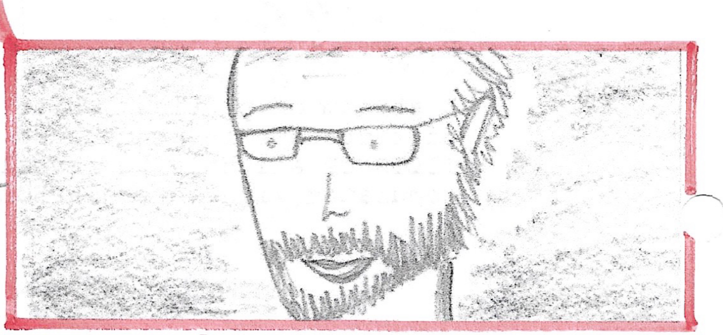


4E - FULL SHOT > CU

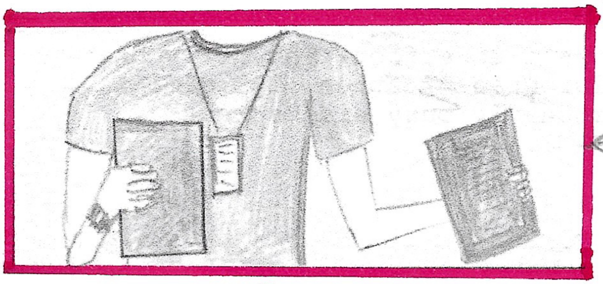




PAN → CLOSE-UP



WHIP PAN: FUNDRAISER



4E-2: PAMPHLETS

4A-MS/TRACK

4 EXT. STREET CORNER - LATE AFTERNOON 4

The bleeding man staggers along the footpath clutching at his stomach. He lurches over suddenly, catching himself on a bollard, and coughs up blood. He looks up slowly, blood dripping from his lower lip.

4C

4B-CU

HIS P.O.V.

From a short distance, a besuited CHINESE MAN approaches. *

The bleeding man extends a trembling, bloodied hand.

The Chinese man comes into the f.g. and stops. He takes out a money clip, removes a new twenty-dollar note and folds it into the man's outstretched hand, then walks off.

The man looks at the money, his fingers quivering. The note slips, then his eyes catch something in the distance.

4D

LONG SHOT

A FUNDRAISER (T-shirt, clipboard, lanyard, ersatz grin) stands on the opposite street corner; pedestrians pass him by as he tries to get their attention.

4E

FULL SHOT

The man inches his way up to the fundraiser. He reaches out with one hand and grabs the fundraiser's shoulder. Then, with all his remaining strength, he speaks:

THE MAN
H-H-H-Help... M-M-M-Me...

The fundraiser looks at the man, eyes vacant. He pauses, smiles faintly.

FUNDRAISER
Did you know that there are thirty percent fewer whales in the Southern Ocean today than in 2001? That's a more than one percent decrease in whale population per year thanks to illegal hunting and oceanic warming. But don't lose hope. We are embarking on a campaign to stop the slaughter of these innocent creatures for good, and you can be a part of it. Just think of the future generations of bright-eyed school children who will never experience the majesty of a humpback whale...

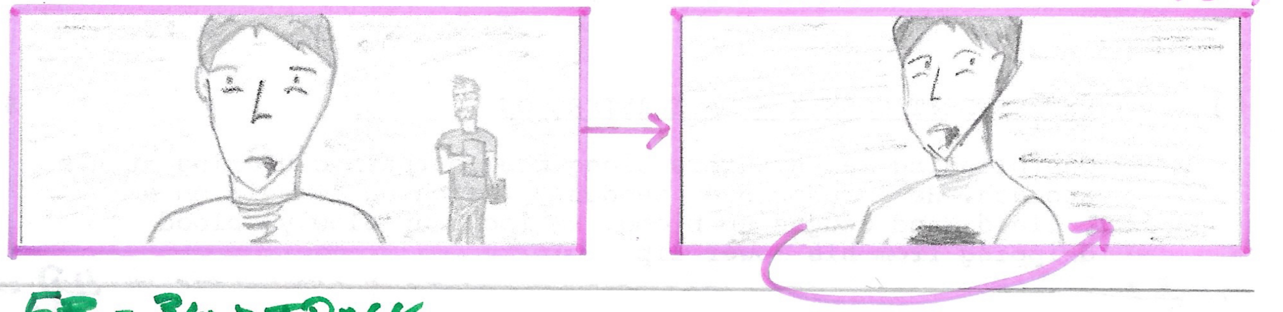
4E-2 CU

The fundraiser takes a colourful pamphlet from the clipboard as he continues his speech. The man watches in horror and despair.

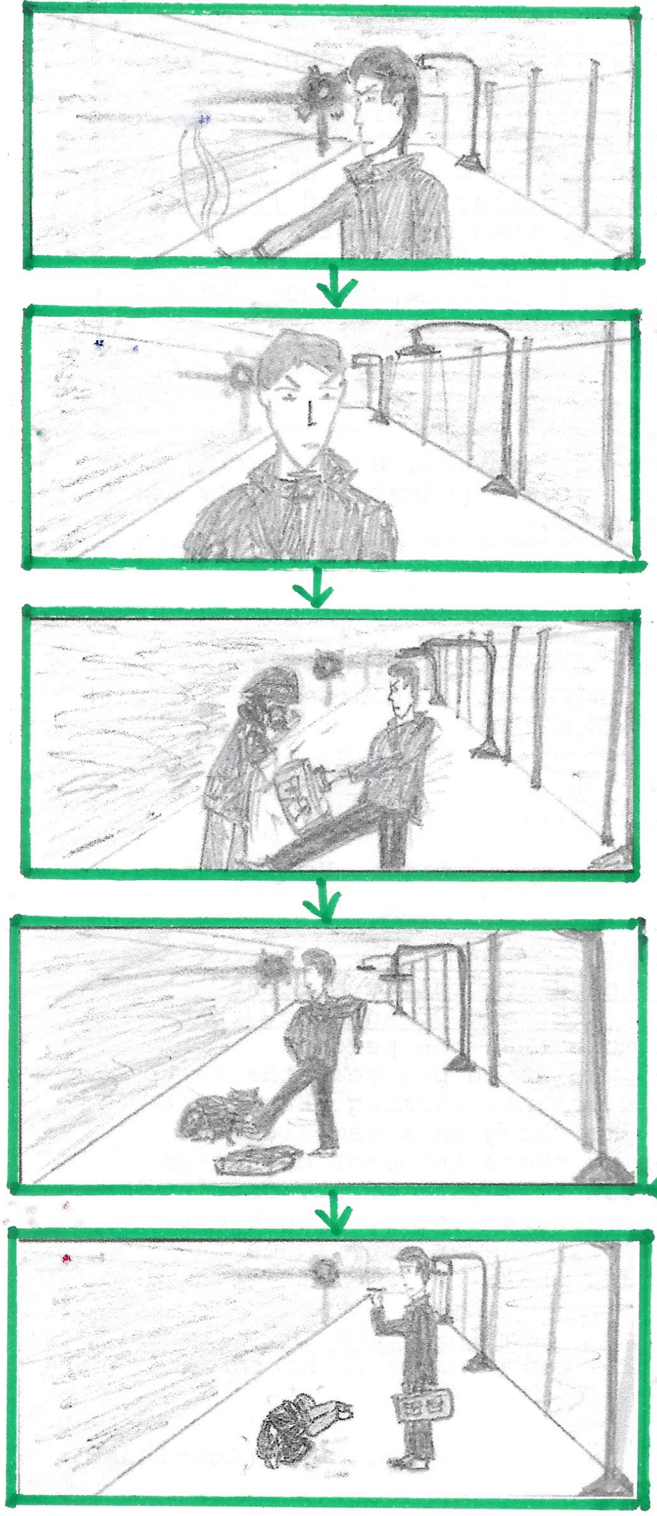
(Continued)

4F - TRACK

ORBIT CONTINUOUSLY



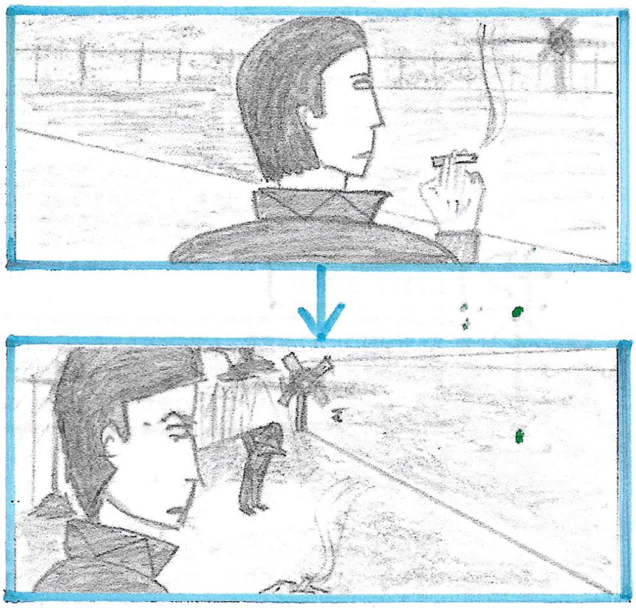
5B - 3/4 > TRACK



PULL OUT INTO WIDE.

HOLD.

5A - MCU



CAMERA ROTATES TO REVEAL JUNKIE IN B.G.

4 (Cont'd) 4

4F

ANGLE ON THE MAN

Very slowly, the man turns and moves away, THE CAMERA WITH HIM. The fundraiser gradually shrinks into the b.g. as his voice vanishes into a void of silence.

The man stops in the middle of the street as WE ORBIT him. He looks around for somebody, anybody. Alone he stands against an ominous b.g. of nothingness.

FADE TO BLACK:

5A-MCU

5 EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - EVENING 5

The man stands in the f.g. smoking a cigarette. He is nicely-dressed and carries a large canvas satchel. * *

In the b.g. stands a RAT-FACED JUNKIE dressed in soiled rags. He loudly rambles and jeers in an altered state. *

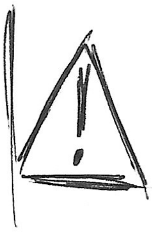
RAT-FACED JUNKIE
(In a harsh falsetto.)
I didn't mean to hit her--! I swear! She came at me first--! Took my vape--! She said it was hers--! The bitch--! Someone needs to put me down--put me out of my misery--shoot me like a dog--! You try waking up in your own piss in a trolley--! All these sad dogs with their sad faces--! Tonight he'll go home and stick it in a box while he thinks about me--! He'll be sticking it in a box with my face on it--!!! * *

5B-3/4
TRACKING

The man grows exasperated, then irate as the junkie's loud and incoherent soliloquy wails on.

A tense beat.

The man marches down the platform towards to the junkie. He drops the cigarette. The man HURLS the satchel at the junkie's head. The junkie recoils in shock -- the man SLAMS him with a powerful left hook, breaking the junkie's nose -- he goes down hard. The man LAYS INTO him in a frenzy of MURDEROUS RAGE. RIBS CRACK. ORGANS BURST. The junkie SCREAMS in pain -- begging for mercy.



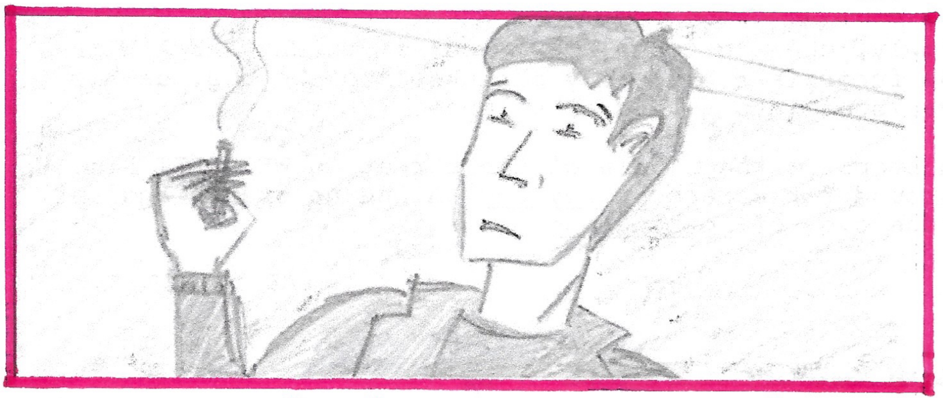
The man stops, his anger dissipating as he catches his breath. The junkie lies curled-up on the ground, SHAKING and WHIMPERING like a scared puppy.

A sombre beat. *

The man retrieves his satchel and the discarded cigarette. As he turns to leave, he stops and looks at the junkie on the ground.

(Continued)

5C



CLOSE-UP / DUTCH - FINAL SHOT

5C- CU/DUTCH

5 (Cont'd) 5

CLOSEUP - THE MAN

He smokes the last of the cigarette as the junkie CRIES. A look of pain crosses faintly over the man's face. His eyes fill with tears. He takes one final drag, tosses the cigarette, and walks away.

THE END